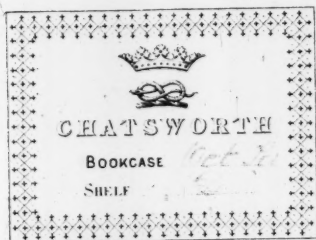


Here begynneth þe hystory of Cytus & Celyppus
 translated out of latyn in to englyshe by Wyllyam
 Walter / somtyme seruaunte to syr Henry Barney
 knyght / chaunceler of the duchy of Lancastre.



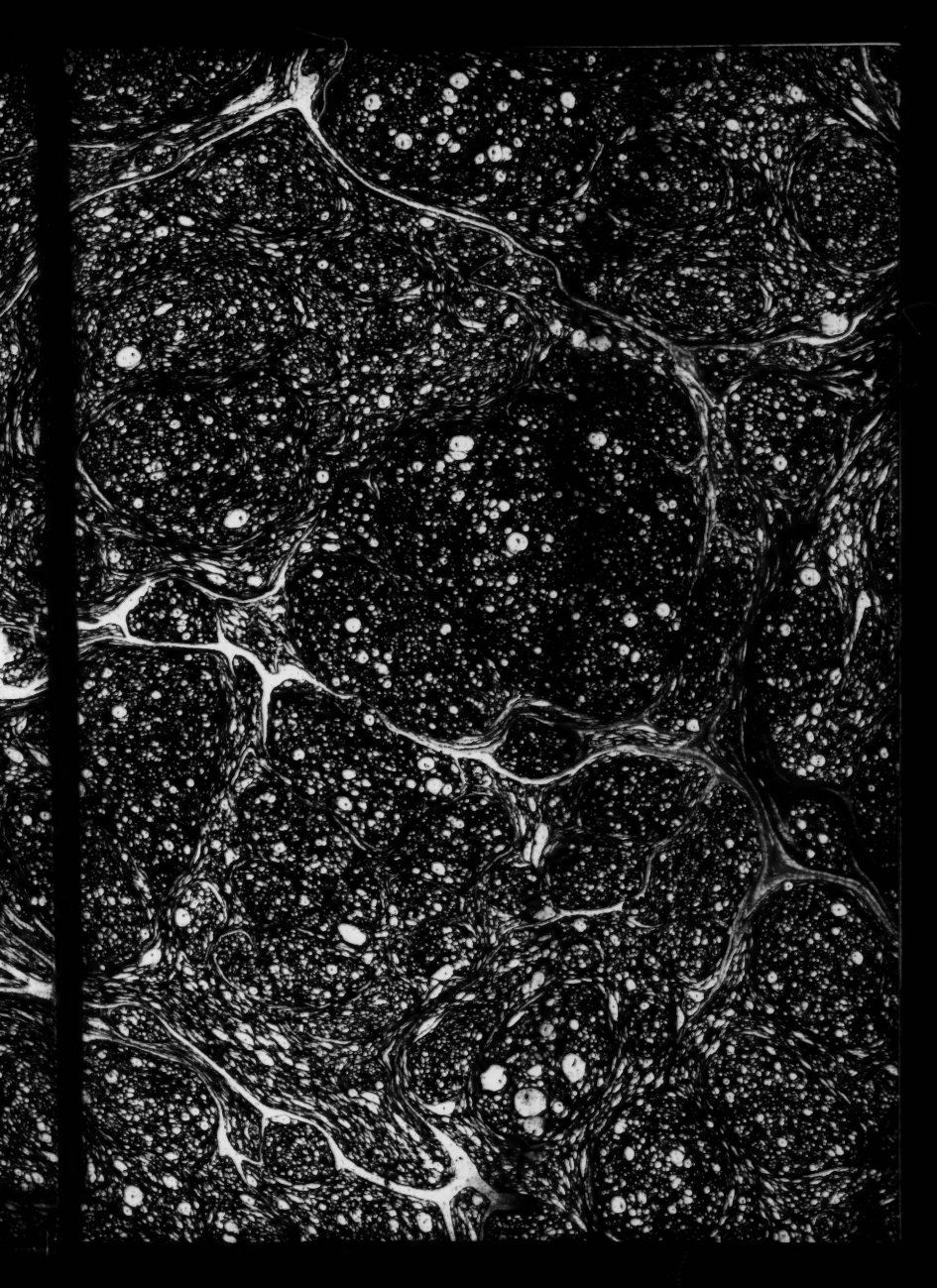
What tyme in Rome reygned Octaupan
 There was a senatour called Fuluius
 Whiche had a sone / a noble gentylman
 Of wyt excellēt / whose name was Cytus
 His noble vertues were harde to dyscus
 Fuluius sent hym / forthe to his study
 Unto Athenes / to lerne phylozophy



CHATS WORTH

BOOKCASE

SHELF



This Tytus was put to be sojournynge
With one Cremes a noble man of fame
Whiche had a sone goynge to lyhe lernynge
Gelyppus was this noble yonge mannes name
And for that Tytus sholde go to the same
He put his sone with hym in company
To aryfte to lerne phyllosophy

These .ij. yonge men led togyder theyr lyfe
Eche to other was so sauourable
That neuer byt wene them was ony stryfe
That one wolde the other was agreable
In lernynge they were equiperable
Thus they contynued by yeres thre
At theyr lernynge as betherne they had be

At whiche tyme from this worlde dyd passe cremes
Whose dethe these yonge men toke ryght heuely
Tytus made lyke sorowe & heuynes
As if he were his sone naturally
Cremes frendes þ were in company
Knewe not whiche of theym for to cōforte best
For with lyke sorowe they were bothe opprest

But shortly after Cremes obsequie
Gelyppus kynnesmen came incontynent
Sayenge yf þ he marryed wolde be
They knewe a wyfe for hym expedyent
Of beauty & substaunce ryght excellent
Of athenes bozne and come of noble blood
Whiche vnto hym sholde be propice & good



Sophone was the name of this damoyzell
Whiche yf he wolde haue her in maryage
He sholde haue her þ dothe other excell
In beauty/wysdome/ & eke personage
And yet she is but .xv. yeres of age
Gelyppus of this report set on fyre
With glad semblaunt graunted to theyr desyre

And on a daye this damoyzell to se
He toke the way vnto her mancyon
Cytus kepte hym famyliarye
And after they had take refectyon
Gelyppus to haue cōmynycacyon
Toke her a parte his mynde for to disclose
Wherby he myght knowe her wyll & purpose

As Cytus late by & dyd contemplaye
Her noble beaute with the curius
Her goodly countenaunce & bysage fayre
Her membres and wysdome compendiūs
Of her he was so hote and amorous
His blood enchaufed so þ With grete payne
From chaungynge colour he coude hym refrayne

After Gelyppus had ben there a space
They toke theyr leue of the damsell forsayd
And went togydre home vnto theyr place
Cytus whiche by loue was full sore dysmayd
Upon his bedde alone hymselfe he layd
With musynge he called to his remembraunce
Her noble beauty in eche circumstance

The more he dyd thynke the more was his payne
After many loughes & bely thought
Unto hymselfe he gan thus to complayne
Alas poze wretche wherto am I now brought
Tytus this lyfe that þu hast chosen is nought
Where is thy mynde where is thy loue so set
Where is thy hope thou sholde no wyse forget

Alas Tytus thou sholde well consyder
That she þu thou louest with herte so fre
Thou sholde her loue as she were thy thy syster
Cremes kyndnes deserued so to be
Thou arte also bounden by ampte
With Gelyppus thou arte confyderate
Wherfoze now we þu mayst not his honour hate

Reason wolde þu sholde thy corage abate
Refrayne thy selfe from loue so fraudulent
For thy desyre is full disordynate
Close thy syght & mynde from this ylle entent
Knowledg thyselfe thy folp eke repent
Let reason now thy mynde & herte excyte
To excheue thyn vnlawfull apetyte

Upon some thyng els do now thy mynde set
Withstonde the loue þu dorch the so assaile
Thou hast good cause this loue for to forget
The dede were shame thy purpose is but frayle
With honour thou mayst not therewith preuaile
Loue & kyndnes sholde cause the fle therfro
If thou consyder what thou ought to do

Yf thou sholde breake thy lorde and ampte
And to Chyppus comyt to gete shame
What sholde happen of thy mynnyte
Euery man of buttrouth wol be the blame
Therby thou sholde lese honoure & good name
And where thou were namyd a frende stedfast
As false & vntreue þu sholde be outcast

But whan her beauty he dyd remember
From his counsell he dyd this wyse reple
The lawe of loue of myght is moze strengier
Than ony lawe the trouth to verifye
To goddes & mannes it dothe reple
Ampte is ofte lost by vyolence
Amonge many to erre is small offence

The father hathe by loue condiscended
And with his daughter done his fowle pleasure
Brother with syster eke haue offended
Whiche is grete offence & displeasure
Than from his frende his wyse for to procure
Wherfore none can one of this dede reprove
Syth I am compelled by veruent loue

My pouth & courage my dede shall excuse
Loue to this purpose dothe me fore compell
This byrgyn doth my herte suche wyse abuse
In bewty and wysdome whiche dothe excell
That loue and reason togyder rebell
So that to loue her I can not refrayne
Whome eche man despyeth for to optayne

But fortune here I haue cause for to ban
Whiche to my frende Gelyppus hashe her sent
Rather than vnto some other straunge man
From hym to take her I can not assent
From an other I myght conuenient
Alas this chaunce dothe encombe me so
That I can not tell what is best to do

In this wyle Tytus wofully dyd playne
Of his purpose beyng vnpayable
That daye nor nyght he coude hym selfe refrayne
From syghes & wepyng lamentable
Mete nor slepe was to hym agreable
He was so lowe brought by this heuynesse
That from his bedde he coude not hym redresse

Gelyppus whiche sawe hym so impotent
The sodayn chaunce he gretely dyd bewaple
And from his frende Tytus he seldom went
But often asked of hym in counsaile
What thyng myght best for his sorow be payable
And where the spkenes dyd his body greue
Promysynge hym he wolde his payne releue

Tytus made vnto hym sayned excuse
Not shewynge hym the cause of his greuaunce
But Gelyppus his sayenge dyd refuse
That nede he must declare his wofull chaunce
Wherfore to hym with deedly countenaunce
With grette syghes & teres distillynge
He shewed hym it in maner folowynge

My frende yf it pleased god I might
Wet the more than lyfe to me wete ferre better
For fortune hath made me to bondes & thral
That I am lyke from verue dyffener
Wherfore an honest deeth I had leuer
Than for to lyue & be in wofull shame
Wherby I myght empayre & leste my name

To tell the the chaunce I am ryght thanfull
But for I ought not bylemble with the
To tell the trouthe I shall not be agast
The cause of my greife & ennosmyte
Loue beauty shame & also honeste
Contend & stryue whiche shall haue maystry
That I knowe not wherto I may applye

Unto hym orderly he dyd declare
How of Sophronie the excellent noblesse
Was the these cause of his sorowe & care
And how her loue his herte dyd so oppresse
That of conforste he was remedlesse
And how by loue he intended to dye
For withoute shame he knewe no remedye

Celyppus of this was astonyed
As he y loued her with all his herte
And to hym selfe this wyse he replyed
Better it were from her for to departe
Rather than Celyus by the cruel date
Of loue holde thus fenyll the his wofull lyfe
A frende to fynde is harder than a wyfe

By Tytus teares to pnter meuch
Was Gelypous whiche waentes for company
And in this wyse a pnter he requyred
We thynketh he be not to me frendly
In keppinge your sorowe so secretly
ye sholde to me lower your mynde dysclose
What had ben your desire wyl & purpose

Though ye thought the dede to be unhonest
yet to your frende ye sholde it dyscouer
As well the yll as good he wyl degest
yf he be a stedfast frende and lover
your helthe & mynde he wyl gladly further
And yf you wode gyue you his best counsaile
What thyng therin myght to you moost auayle

yf ye loue Sophrone I do not meruell
For knowynge her beauty and noblenes
Her vertue mylde as whiche dothe so excell
Wolde moue thy mynde of very gentylnes
To loue a mayde of so grete worthynes
For the greter a thyng is of balure
The more a noble herte it dothe procure

But where ye do nomy on fortune complayne
Whiche hath Sophrone put in my gouernaunce
We thynke thereof ye sholde be gladd & sayne
For what man wolde thy desire more auauce
Than his pleasure & namely in such chauce
But alwaye I haue conent to be behaue
More than my owne or any singular welthe

And yf the matter stode in suche a case
That I myght not refuse it honestly
Ye had I rather myn honour byffate
Than by her cruell loue y^e shoulde byffate
But she is yet in suche estate truly
That ye may haue her for to be your wyfe
Whiche I shall do for sauynge of your lyfe

ye had good cause to dyspryse my frendshipp
yf in this case I left you destitute
He is no frende y^e kynndnes wyll let syp
With honoure whan he may it execute
How shoulde ye me for your frende now repute
yf I wolde not in this extremyte
As a stedfast frende she we you ampte

Sophrone I haue loued with tender herte
Despyrnyng the daye of our marryage
But my loue is not so beruent & smarte
But y^e I shall my selfe threfro adwage
Ye loue her with a moze better courage
Wherfore be glad of her ye shall not fayle
In my chambze shall be your espousayle

Wherfore put from your mynd this thought & care
Leue of your heuynes lamentable
Restore your selfe to your former welfare
Ye haue good cause to be comfortable
Apply your selfe to be stronge and able
That ye may the fruyte of your loue attayne
Whiche for to haue ye do so moche complainne

Cytus with this was gretely comforted
yet of his profer he had gret meruayle
To se his kyndnes so soone forgoten
To his desyre bohipfuous & frayle
Gelyppus loue whiche so moched byd preuayle
Made hym haue shame of his grete vsurpinge
Wherfore he spake thus with terres wepyng

Gelyppus thy greteliberalyte
Is openly to me now manifest
Whiche on my parte sholde be shewed to the
But I shall not obey to thy request
To take thy wyfe the ded: were vn honest
Wherfore enioye þ fortune hath the lent
My hard chaunce to suffre I am content

Of thy good fortune vse the chaunce & lote
And suffre me in sorowde to abyde
And in salte teres my body to rote
For harde fortune for me doth so proude
And cruell loue to deth shall be my gyde
Whiche by desyre me dayly dothe so greue
That my wretched lyfe it shall me bereue

Cytus yf amyte may nowde purchase
That to my desyre ye wyll pou assent
I shall fynde the meane within a shorte space
That ye shall haue your purpose & entent
For ye knowe well that loue is so veruent
That many haue lost theyr lyfe by þ payne
Of theyr purpose whan they myght not attayne

The grete ye suffre is importunate
That ye can not therwith longe contynue
And yf ye sholde by suche mortall face
Than by lyke chaunce I sholde after endue
Yf ampte my mynde coude not subdue
yet do I couet your lyfe for to haue
Wherby I myght myn owne purchase & saue

Therfore Sophrone vnto you shall abyde
Whiche is so excellent a creature
That ye can not suche an other proude
That sholde be so moche vnto your pleasure
My veruent loue I shall epyght well endure
To loue some other I shall me applye
Bothe our myndes I may so satysfye

Tho suche a wyfe be harde for me to fynde
yet a sure frende is harder to purchase
Wherfore to leue her reason doth me bynde
Than I sholde lese my frende by her trespass
A wyfe I may me get in lyke space
But harde it is to fynde a frende stedfast
A thousande yere yf y my lyfe sholde last

yet do I not my wyfe in this case lese
Syth y vnto my frende she shall remayne
But of .ii. ylls the lest I do chese
Wherfore yf my prayer may ought obteyne
from so grete sorowe do your selfe restryne
Vnto your former state your selfe restore
That ye may haue y ye desyre so soze

Cytus of this was comforted gretely
And to Gelyppus in this wyse he spake
I am in doubt whither I may apply
And yf I sholde your proffer now forsake
Whome ye desyre so spereally to take
But for your kyndenes dothe my shame expel
I shall applye to your desyre and well

God graunte þat I may be so fortunate
you to auauunce with honoure & ryches
Or to encrease your degre & estate
Wherby I myght my saythfulnes expresse
And deserue your benyvolent kyndnes
That ye may knowe how moche acceptable
your mercy is to me agreeable

Gelyppus sayd I holde this counsayle best
For almoche as I haue made a promyse
I must folowe and colour my behest
For yf þat I sholde Sophrone now dyspyle
Murmur amonge our frendes soone wolde ryle
That to an other they wolde her mary
And so we bothe sholde lese her wyllfully

Wherfore I thynke it best in my demynge
That Sophrone as my wyfe þat I shall wedde
And hyther to my house her for to brynge
And after that she is brought vnto by bedde
To her instede of maye shall be ledde
Wher as ye may accomplyshe your pleasure
As man & wyfe by lawe & ke nature

And whan this chaunce is playnly manifest
 If her frendes therewith wyll be content
 Than is the mater in good sale & rest
 And yf they wyll not therunto assent
 yet at the lest ye shall haue your entent
 The dede so done amended can not be
 Wherfore neede shall cause them with you agre

How Gesyppus went out of his chambie to
 Tytus and how Tytus lay with Sophrone.



This mariage in that tyme was bled
 That after the tryumphe of the weddyng
 The spoule & bryde sholde be brought vnto bedde
 Where eche vnto other sholde gyue a ryng
 And yf they made therat no refusynge
 Than durynge lyfe they do eche other take
 And els they may promple than forsake
 Tytus. B. j.

Cytus allowed the fore sayd counsaile
Gelyppus Sophrone as his wyfe dyd wedde
And in his house was made theyr espousaile
Whan Cytus had his helth recovered
At nyght the wyues brought the byde to bedde
And Gelyppus as custome was truely
Went to the chamber with her to lye

Gelyppus chambere where as the byde lay
Cytus chambere annexed was vnto
Whiche had a lytle doze & secret way
From the one to the other for to go
Gelyppus the candell lyght quenched tho
And to Cytus chambere fast he hastyd
And with his wyfe to ly he dyd hym bydde

Cytus for shame at the fyrst dyd deny
But Gelyppus of worde & dede stedfast
Vnto his sayenge dyd suche wyse reply
That to lye with her he graunted at last
To Sophrons bed he ascended in hast
And asked in familiaryte
His wyfe for euer yf she wolde be

Sophrone wiche knewe nothyng of this mater
Thought it was Gelyppus y to her spake
Wherefore vnto hym she made this answer
For her husbonde she wolde hym not forsake
Cytus his wedynge ryng for the than dyd take
And put it on the fynger of his wyfe
Grauntynge to be her husbonde terme of lyfe

Of venus they bled the spoise & play
As pastyme is of louers' amercus
This custome they bled many a daye
yet in y^e tyme she coude neuer discus
That her husbonde she lay with was Tptus
But this coude not be hydde so pryuely
But at length it must be knowen openly

In the meane tyme from Rome were sent lettres
How his father his mortall lyfe had past
Wherfore he must his substance to possesse
Resorte thyder in all possyble hast
Whiche tydynge made Tptus full sore agast
He couetyng Sophrone with hym to go
With Gelyppus counseyle what to do

This thyng they coude not do conuenient
Without Sophrone had therof knowledgyng
Wherfore to thewe her bothe they dyd assent
And in a secrete chaumbre they her byng
As ye haue herde tolde her of eche thyng
Whiche for sorow wepte in grete aboundaunce
Reprouyng Gelyppus of this false chaunce

Without declaryng her mynde & purpose
Unto her fathers house she resorted
And vnto hym the chaunce she dyd disclose
How by Gelyppus she was deceyued
And y^e she was not as they supposed
The wyfe of Gelyppus but contrary
By couert meane Tptus dyd her mary

This thyng her father and frendes dyd greue
And to Gelyppus kynde they dyd complayne
So þ they togder dyd hym repute
And for the dede they dyd hym yll dysdayne
Sayenge he deserued for his falle trayne
In depe pryson to suffre punysshment
And that this dede he sholde ryght sore repent

Gelyppus to theyr sayenge dyd reply
Assyrmynge the dede to be comendable
And that he deserued to haue truely
Of them loue & thanke Inestymable
Whiche had her wedded to one more able
In ryches honour blood & dygnyte
Wherby she & hers auanced sholde be

Cytus hauynge knowlege of this barate
In his mynde he was grety troubyd
Knowynge the grekes maner and estate
With wordes & thretenynges to fyght & chyde
Wyll they mete one that dare them well abyde
Than are they of theyr wordes payent
Theyr symple maner is so Innocent

He knowynge theyr custome varyable
To cause theym to leue theyr malice & hate
With a romayns herte he dyd hym able
In actuall sayence decorate
Bothe theyr frendes he dyd there congregate
Gelyppus beyng with hym in presence
This wyse he rebuked theyr negligence

The phylozophers haue determyned
The actes of euery man mortall
By the goddes sholde be predestined
Afore theyr byrthe to be theyr chaunce fatall
Therefore what fortune vnto vs do fall
We can not thoughe we wolde therto reply
Syth þ it is gyuen vs by destiny

We ought also faythfully to beleue
That the goddes haue suche preemynence
Our fortune at theyr pleasure for to geue
And þ is iuged by theyr sentence
Can not be broken by our violence
Wherfore he is a foyle þ wyl despise
The workes done by the goddes aduylse

To my purpose I haue knowledge truely
That Gelyppus ye haue yll repproued
For that Sophrone to me he dyd mary
But yf reason your myndes had moued
The dede so done ye sholde haue approued
Sythe þ the goddes dyd it so ordayne
Not to hym but to me she sholde remaine

But for þ some this reason do despyce
That fortune is by deuyne prouydence
Whiche thyng to man sholde be grete presydence
I wyl now treate of an other sentence
Two thynges I am bounde by violence
Whiche to my noblenes is contrary
But I am compelled for to vary

One is my taste of honour to auance
The other to dyspraise myne enemy
Whiche I shall do with good remembrance
As the matter doth now requyre Justly
From the trowth of it I wyll not reply
But with circumspect deliberacyon
Of my purpose I shall make relacyon

Your wordes are groundred more of malice
Than of any Just tye or reason
Whiche do Gelyppus shamefully dyspyce
For y he hath grete kynnes to me done
Of two thynges hath the best choson
My lyfe to saue rather than to fulfyll
His owne pleasure or your purpose & wyll

We are confederate in amyte
Wherfore the lawe of loue dothe hym thus bynde
To helpe his frende in his extremitie
Therfore to proue hym selfe selfe fast & kynde
He shewed loue contrary to your mynde
Whiche thyng to hym is more comendable
Than to folowe your mynde vnrasonable

To one of athenes ye her maryed
And he hath geuen her into a Romaine
Athenes to romaine may not be compared
Of all the worlde whiche y is loue rayne
In whiche I was myn honour to sustayne
Borne as a cytezen therein to dwell
In manhode & lernynge whiche dothe excell

ye be bonde & thall but I am borne fre
for vnto Rome ye be bonde & subiecte
Bycause I am scoler in this cyte
As come of byle blood ye do me suspecte
I wyll ye knowe þ I am not abiecte
My places at rome declare my lynage
Portured with myn auncestours ymage

With tyles of Tryumphe the gate is set
Whiche myn auncestours by theyr worthynes
Within the capytoll longe tyme dyd get
Whiche at this daye both more and more encrease
I am a shamed to boost my ryches
And possessyon Whiche are so importune
As I were the frendly chylde of fortune

What cause haue ye Gelyppus to reprove
That hath wedded Sophrone to suche estate
At Rome I maye do moche to your behoue
For the comon welth publyke & priuate
Yf ye be wyse ye be ryght fortunate
Gelyppus dothe your blod to honour rayse
Wherfore ye haue cause hym to loue & prayse

Some may fortune do not so moche dysdayne
That Sophrone is gyuen me in espousynge
But for þ I dyd get her by a trayne
Her frendes therunto not consentynge
Tho þ I dyd couertly do this thyng
A yke a lechour I haue not her forlayne
Wherby I sholde her & her blood dyslayne

Her fayre beauty enflamed my courage
That in her loue my herte was set on fyre
I durst not atempe her in matryage
For of your consent therein to requyre
For I holde not optayne of my desyre
Syth With me to come I wolde her take
Whole company ye as lothe so forsake

Therfore I haue done this thyng couertly
To you my mynde I durst not manifest
Gelyppus in my name her to mary
To colour my purpose I thought it best
Whiche dyd it accordyng to my request
As a concubynne I dyd not her vse
But for my lawfull wyfe I dyd her chuse

From Rome there is tydynge ynto me sent
That my father hath leste his mortall wyfe
Wherfore as reason wolde I dyd assent
Her to lede With me as my lawfull wyfe
And for I must be from you sugetyue
Therfore the matter I do manifest
Requyrynge you it frendely to dysgest

If your assynpte I dyd dyspyce
Sophzone with you yf I wolde I myght leue
And as deluded I may her remyle
Whiche sholde your hertes more angre & greue
But god dyffende y pe sholde me repreue
Of suche a shame I beyng a Romaine
Or that my frendes by it sholde dyspayne

Wherfoze as a frende I do you requyre
Youe maltyce þ̄ ye remembre no moze
But as frendes apply to my desyre
Sophrone my wyfe vnto me to restore
With kyndnes I wyll acquyte you therfoze
For whether the dede done be good or yll
It to amende ye can not thoughe ye wyll

And yf my request ye do nowe dyspysle
Gelyppus With me vnto Rome shall go
With armed power I shall ageyn you ryle
Sophrone With stronge honde for to take you fro
By fell batayle I shall entreate you so
That ye shall knowe what Indignacyon
Romayns wyll take for your transgressyon

These wordes sayd he arose frome his place
And Gelyppus by the honde he dyd take
Ryngtyng his browes & frownyng with his face
His heed for angre at theym he dyd shake
Suche countenaunce vnto theym he dyd make
As he dyd dyspysle all theym vtterly
And as he wolde take vengeance cruelly

They by these wordes parte for loue dyd gre
And parte for fere of his grete manasyng
With hym to haue loue & affynye
They thought it best for to be assentyng
Sith þ̄ Gelyppus had made refusyng
Cytus affynye not to forsake
Wherby they sholde theym both theyr enmys make

Wherefore all they after Tytus tho went
Sayenge thy wolde not his wyfe hym withholde
His frendelhypp to haue they were all content
Gelyppus theyr talent forgyue they wolde
And in theyr armes they hym claspe & folde
With lounge maner as frendes sholde do
Eche from other departed home to go

Sophrone vnto Tytus they sent agayne
Whiche lyke a noble lady & prudent
From Gelyppus her loue she dyd refrayne
And to Tytus her herte she dyd assent
And with hym to Rome as his wyfe she went
Where of Tytus frendes & samply
She was receyued ryght honorably

Gelyppus at athenes styll dyd remaine
Whiche for he shewed to Tytus ampte
Of all the people was in grete dysdayne
And by cruyle dyscorde & enmyte
He was brought in to suche calamyte
They hym exiled desolate & pooze
Within athenes neuer to come moze

He ledynge his lyfe in grete pouerte
Vnto Rome he toke his passage & waye
To praye Tytus of his benygnyte
Hym for to helpe in his nedefull assay
Vnto his place he came vpon a day
Before the gate Tytus he gan abyde
As he came in of hym to be espyde

Cytus from the market came at the last
In to his house he went incontynent
Gesyppus was so heuy & shamefast
That to Cytus he wolde hym not present
That he sholde fyrst knowe hym was his entent
Whiche knewe hym not he was so pll arayd
Wherfore he past by & to hym nought sayd

Gesyppus whiche wrongfully supposed
That Cytus dyd forsake his acquayntaunce
Bycause y he was so poozely clothed
His grete kyndenes callynge to remembraunce
To Cytus shewed in his moost nedefull channce
Parte for sorowe & parte eke for dysdayne
He went from thens & woofully gan playne

Cyll it was nyght aboute he wandered
Nete he wolde ete but mony had he none
With thought & care he was so combered
That for his dethe he made rusfully mone
And as he was thus walkynge all alone
Within the cyte he came at the last
Unto a place whiche was forgrowen and wast

How Gesyppus lyenge a slepe two
theues came & the stronger slewe the
weyker in deuydynge of theyr pray

C.ij.



A derke caue by chaunce he there soone had founde
 In to the whiche he dyd dyscende and crepe
 And layd hym prostrate there vpon þ grounde
 Prouokynge hymselfe for to fall a slepe
 His hard fortune he dyd complayne & wepe
 With heuynesse he was so sore oppress
 That at the last he fell vnto his rest

The same tyme to the caue there came by chaunce
 Two theues whiche had stolne a pray þ nyght
 Bytvene them two there fell grete baryauce
 For theyr boty was not departed ryght
 Fyrst they do chyde & after þ they fyght
 The stronger thefe the weaker in þ stryfe
 Quercame & berefted hym his lyfe

Ceslyppus saynge this was glad a forme
Knowynge this was his best hope to purchase
Sholde be better than be himselfe certayne
His dyspared lyfe by weeping face
All nyght he tarped in the same place
Tyll the plectors men in the morninge tyme
Toke hym as gylty of the homycide

Bounden of the ym lpe a these thought he was
Before the plector Warro by his name
Whiche asked hym if he the sayd trespace
Had comytted by his importune blame
Ceslyppus as gylty graunted the same
Wherfore the plector as the lawe had let
Bad he sholde be hange on the gybet

By fortune at the tyme of this iugement
Cyrus came in to the sayd plectory
Of Ceslyppus face takinge aduysment
Perueyled greatly of his penury
To saue his lyfe knowynge no remedy
Before the plector sorrowfull dysmayd
In this maner vnto hym thus he sayd

Warro commaund this man Infortunate
To be cald agayne to home & foriuged
He is gyltyes for I by cruell fate
This homycide my selfe haue comytted
Whom thy men founde this morninge strangled
By whiche offence the goddess Immortall
I haue offendend and the lawe with all

Wherfore cryeth he that he can not stand
Under his burden of sinne
To suffer thus many dayes innocent
For my trespase
Warre of this world
That I have committed
Whiche confession he may not forsake

Wherfore to save his honour & nobles
Accordynge as the lawe hym commaunded
Gelyppus was tene dayes bound
And in this world hated & contemned
What folynge he had to do
To graunte the best of his life
Wherof thou arte parties & Innocent

Syth þe lawe commaunded
Why dyd þe lawe commaund
Thou bringe not compasses
Beholde Tytus whiche prayd
That of this world he might be free
And þe hymselfe he becom
Wherfore the lawe commaunded

Gelyppus beholde
Knowynge he dyd
Unto the Judge this world he
For yte tere
Unto the Judge
Tytus hath
To me the man

Cytus contray sayd preto: take heede
This man Iudge is a strainger doubtles
Thou mayst perceyue þe dyd not the dede
By the deed man he was take wepynge
He wolde sayne dye he is in suche dytresse
Wherfore as vngylty let hym go
And me the trespasfoure to berthe for to do

The preto: merchaunt of theyr constauce
His mynde perceyued they were not gyley
Wherfore of them to make veyuerance
To saue them bothe his mynde he dyd apply
And as he was talyng for remedy
There came a yonge man named publius
Of lyfe & dede whiche was suspitious

This publius whiche the murede had done
Knowynge them bothe for to be Innocent
He was moued with suche consellayon
To dye for his trespase he dyd assent
Before the preto: he dyd hym present
And wylfully without any askynge
He tolde the dede in maner folowynge

Preto: my gretetrespase bothe me compell
Playnly to discusse this altercatyon
What god doth moue my mynde I cannot tell
Of myne offence to make the relatyon
My herte is taken with compunction
To se theym offre theym selfe for to dye
Of this trespase they beynge not gyley

Cruely my selfe before the moynynge tyde
Slewe this man whiche was my companion
This infortunate slepyng there besyde
Of our body makynge partycion
We fell togyder at discencion
As moost strengest in þe debate & stryfe
From my felowe I toke the most all ipe

For to excuse Cytus it shall not nede
For his noble fame & grette worthynes
Do shewe þe he wolde not do suche a dede
Wherfore pretor of this my wretchednes
Do quyte theym bothe as men þe gylties
And to me whiche slewe this man my felowe
Do Justyce accordynge vnto the lawe

Detauyan had knowlege of this chaunce
The parties before hym examyned
Knowynge the mater in esche circumstaunce
The two vngilty he there pardoned
And also the thefe whiche was forgyued
For the loue of Cytus he had forgyue
His trespase & in libertie to lyue

After Cytus had rebuked frendely
Gelyppus of mystrust & feresynnes
He clasped hym in armes louyngly
Vnto his house with hym he went doubtyng
Sophrone Cytus wyfe wepte for heynnes
To se Gelyppus in suche pouerte
Complaynyng fortune mutabylite

She receyued hym as her olde brother
Keteppynge hym well & honorably
Cytus lyke wyle as a frend & loue
Apparelld hym in clothyng & chely
With þ he was fedde ryght delycately
That in short tyme he was brought in suche plyght
That he recouered bothe his helth & myght

Cytus his substaunce euery day ded
And to Gelyppus in matrimony
With his syster fuluia so named
A noble byrgyn he gaue it frely
This kyndnes for kyndnes he dyd truly
And Gelyppus secrete Cytus gan take
And vnto hym in this wyle he tho spake

Frend & brother of two thynges now chuse
For they shall be at your arbytriment
Whiche for to take & Whiche for to refuse
The one is whyther ye can be content
Here to abyde or þ ye wyll assent
Vnto athenes to go with this substaunce
Whiche I haue gyuen to you in gouernaunce

Gelyppus in his mynde consyderynge
His vnkynde exile & grete Indygence
With drewe his mynde from athenes retournynge
And perceyvinge Cytus benpuolence
Sayd vnto hym his mynde was a sentence
yf his wyll were there to abyde certayne
Desyrynge to be made a free Romaine

In one house they ledde togyder theyr lyfe
Cyrus & Sophone in prosperyte
Gelyppus & fulula the his wyfe
Abydyng with theyr in tranquylite
Dayly with them increasyng ampte
Tyll cruell deeth with his furpous darte
Theyr morall lyfe from this worlde dyd departe

Lenuoy du translateur.



Ampyte is so to be comended
As the title mother to magnifyence
Of whome all honeste is dyscended
Germaine to charpce & benificence
Charyng to auarpyce & violence
Flaterynge & prayfynge it doth also fle
Suche is the kynde of parfyte ampte

Redy to helpe in eche extreampte
Hir neyghboute by kyndnes favourable
As yf she were in luche necessitye
They sholde to her be lyke agreable
To stedfastnes alwaye conformable
With eche man hauynge loue & vyte
Suche is the kynde of parfyte ampte

What ryches friendship or affynpte
Myght do so moche as Cyrus heuynge
To moue Gelyppus herte to luche ppte
To gyue his wyfe of so greate worthynes
Whome he loued more than ony rythes
Unto Cyrus in his aduersyte
Hym to releue but onely ampte

What thyng Gelyppus corage dyd thus moue
Sophrons & his frendes grete manalyng
The peoples rumour whiche dyd hym reuolue
They scornynge & they belynde exalynge
To set at nought for to be maynteynyng
Tytus quarell in eche maner degre
But onely loue & parfytte ampte

What thyng dyd thus moue Tytus with a ment
To offre hym selfe redy for to dye
Affyrmyng Gelyppus as Innocent
Of the murdre & hymselfe as gilty
His acquayntaunce with manyng there frendly
As he knewe not what man he shoulde be
But onely loue & parfytte ampte

What thyng dyd moue Tytus herte & corage
To gyue Gelyppus in his moost nedefull chaunce
His syster fulula in marriage
With halfe his patrymony & substance
Hym in honour & ryches to auaunce
Whome fortune brought in extreme pouerte
But onely loue & parfytte ampte

But now a dayes ampte dothe decay
Eche man coueteth his synguler profet
Upon perylls they do forecast alwaye
That by a frende they do but lytell set
All they delyte is ryches for to get
Ingratitude wo worthe vnto the
Whiche doost exclude bothe loue & ampte
Finis.



Thus endeth the frendly history of Cyrus & Gea
typpus. Enprinted at London in Fleetstreete at the
sygne of the Sonne by me Wrenken de Worde.



卷之四